

Eugene McGuinness, Fonz

Well that wasn't very very nice of you
Things aren't so glossy without a posse
Oh dearie dear I've no business being here
Well now as I bow out of the funeral of my youth
It was so lonely, it was so lovely
It was so lovely

But you're so easy on the eye
You're so easy on the eye

We said farewell and we synchronised our watches
Arranged for the meeting of our crotches
On the other side of the planet
On the other side of the world

Well that wasn't a very very nice thing to do
They never suspect the emotional wreck
The man in your head, you might want to write that down

Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full

Bond says there's nothing wrong with being wrong
But was he right, was he right, I don't know, was he right?

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